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Helping One Another.

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'—Gal. vi., 2.

You all know what a burden is; and I am sure that at some time or other you have all carried one. There is a burden that you can carry upon your shoulder or on your back. There is another that you have to carry on your heart and mind; some burden of care,

such burdens, and be their intimate friend, and yet be ignorant of some great care they have to carry, for 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness.' So many burdens have to be carried alone, and, as I have said, unseen by anyone save God.

Sometimes you think you see an anxious look in the face of a friend, or it may be you detect a sad tone as he speaks to you, or there is an involuntary sigh, and you ask, 'What is

having done wrong—done wrong perhaps to your brother, sister, or friend, or disobeyed your father, mother, or even Jesus. That, indeed, is a heavy burden if you feel as you ought. It is a blessing when we cannot do wrong without suffering for it.

Now, as life is so full of burdens, and the youngest of you have to carry them, it is important we should know what to do with them.

The first thing we have to remember is that we ought to help one another—'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Now, suppose you boys were to meet another boy carrying a very heavy burden, and bending almost to the earth under it. I am quite sure you would be noble enough to say, 'Let us give you a helping hand.' If it is a load that two can carry at a time, you will take one end of the burden so that there may be only half the weight the other end; or if it is a load that only one can carry at a time, you take your turn, and your comrade takes his turn, and thus you help the first boy to carry his burden. Now, who in that case would be the happiest at the end of the journey? The one whose burden has been shared would be very happy; but I think those who helped him to carry it would be happier still.

Now that can often be done in life. Sometimes you see a companion with a heavy load, or someone confides in you and tells you he has a big trouble. You can help him to carry his burden. You can help him it only by saying a kind word; although a kind word does not do if you can do something more. It may be a tender look, a kind word, but if you can do a gracious deed it is still better. Do all that is in your power, and by so doing you are helping others to carry their burdens.

'One another's burdens.' You see, it is not only the privilege of the stronger to bear the burdens of the weaker. The strong can indeed bear the burdens of the weak, but the weak can also help the strong sometimes. I have known little children who have helped their parents without knowing it. I have seen a man of business come home wearied, worried, and worn out with bitter thoughts about some who have been selfish, unkind, or dishonest. He has come home disgusted with everything and everybody; and he has begun to think there is no good in human nature, but that everybody looks out for himself. By and by his little child comes, and, climbing up his knees, kisses him, and, looking up into his face trustfully and lovingly, calls him 'Father.' Thus that father is comforted. He says to himself, 'I have been wrong. There is a wealth of tenderness in the human heart still, there is so much of it in this little child.' Thus he forgets his care in the joy of being loved by that little child. I have known many such a little boy and girl help the father to bear his burdens. They did not know it at the time. Their little shoulders were very weak; but somehow or other the end of the burden was placed on their shoulder without their feeling it. The father, however, felt the difference the other end.

Thus it is the privilege of the weak to help the strong sometimes, as well as the privilege



TEACHING HER YOUNGER SISTER HOW TO KNIT.

some little trouble or anxiety. You cannot put that on your shoulder. You have to carry it within, and perhaps such a burden is the heaviest. The greatest loads in the world are not those which people put upon their shoulders, but those which others very often cannot see, though they meet burdened ones in the open street and speak to them. Indeed, you may be closely related to those who carry

the matter? You have some burden on your mind? Yes, that is often the case. And even you, young as you are, have had some of those little burdens—little as they would appear to other people, but burdens which were quite heavy enough for you to carry: some trouble in the home or in the school. The heaviest of all burdens that you have ever carried, no doubt, has been a sense of

of the strong to help the weak. We never can hide ourselves behind the excuse, 'I am too weak to help anybody.' Nobody is too weak to help another. 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' You can do this sometimes so easily, and yet it may mean a world of difference to the one whom you help.

(Sometimes you can see better than the one who has a burden how it can be lightened. When another is in difficulty it is sometimes easier for you to see the way out of it than for him. I heard a story, a little time ago, about a steeple-jack. A steeple-jack, as most of you know, is a man who climbs steeples or high chimneys. Sometimes those chimneys require repairs at the very top, and the steeple-jack is required to make it all right. The particular man of whom I heard had reached the top, and there was a rope suspended by which he could come down again—for they are daring men, those steeple-jacks. But, somehow or other the rope lost its hold of the top, and down it came; and Jack was left on the top of that high chimney without any means of descending. It seemed as if all hope for the time being was over. No one knew what to do. Was there any other steeple-jack who might gradually work his way up as this man had done? All that time the poor man would be at that great height alone. But when his wife came and looked up, she shouted 'Unravel your stocking, Jack!' It was a new thought; but a very practical one. The man took off his stocking and unravelled it. By-and-by he fastened a little stone, or brick, to one end, and let it down and down, and those at the bottom—the wife, I expect—soon tied a string fast to it. He pulled it gradually up, and when he got hold of one end of the string the people down at the bottom of the steeple fastened a strong rope to that; and when the rope was drawn to the top he fastened it securely, and descended. What a valuable help that wife gave by that one suggestion! It might not have occurred to Jack or to anyone else present, but it occurred to her loving heart. Thus in a thousand ways you can bear one another's burdens.

But that unravelling of the stocking reminds me of something else. I saw a very pretty picture the other day of a girl by the fireside on a wintry night teaching her younger sister how to knit. It was interesting to see the patience on the face of the one who had to teach the other, and the anxiety on the face of the little one to know how to knit. It was a sweet picture—one sister teaching another. We all can teach if we have learnt anything, and everybody has learnt something. We ought not to wait to know everything before we begin to teach, or we shall be very long before we begin. No, as soon as you know something worth knowing let someone else know it. What a pleasure it is to teach another, or in any way be helpful to another, and thus bear another's burdens!

Just one thing more. By doing this you are fulfilling the law of Christ. Till Jesus came people helped each other a little; but it was Jesus that taught men so to help each other as not to be easily weary of it. To help each other readily and gladly is to fulfil His law. He Himself came to bear our burdens: 'Though rich yet for our sakes became poor.' He would have never been on earth if He had not made up His mind to bear our sins in His own body on the Cross. And it is He who has borne the heaviest of all burdens, even the Cross, for us. That tells us to bear burdens one for the other. It is Jesus that would make us kind and considerate for others. If, therefore, we would be disciples of Jesus, we must be prepared to go forth in His name to help others, and so fulfil His law.—*Christian Pictorial*.

THE GETHSEMANE OF LIFE.

For every one of us, the Gethsemane of life must come. It may be the Gethsemane of struggle and care and poverty; it may be the Gethsemane of long and weary sickness; it may be the Gethsemane of farewells that wring the heart by the deathbeds of those we love; it may be the Gethsemane of remorse and well-nigh despair of sins that we will not, but which we say we cannot, overcome. Well

in that Gethsemane—aye, even in that Gethsemane of sin—no angel merely, but Christ himself, who bore the burden of our sins, will, if we seek him, come to comfort us. He can be touched, he is touched, with the feeling of our infirmities. He, too, has trodden the wine-press of agony alone; he, too, has lain face downward in the night upon the ground, and the comfort which then came to him he has bequeathed to us—even the comfort, the help, the peace, the recovery, the light of hope, the faith, the sustaining arm, the healing anodyne of prayer.—*Dean Farrar*.

Sir George Williams's Youthful Trials.

Sir George Williams, in an address, remarked: 'Don't fear persecution; it will do you good. I had to face it in my younger days, and it made a man of me. I was brought up in a very worldly home, and, when I got converted, they said, "As I had turned Methodist, I should have to go." I replied, "Very well, Christ is more than a match for even death itself." I was ready, and He stood by me. I remember my seven brothers were alarmed for my business prospects. "George has become saint," said they, "and his outlook is ruined." They were to meet specially to consider what could be done. But just then one of my brothers lost his wife, and he suggested they had better wait, "as, after all, we may find that George was right," and they never had their meeting. God kept me, and He has greatly blessed me in business.'

Religious Notes.

The Rev. W. M. Junkin (of the Presbyterian Branch, South) reports concerning last year that '1,707 adults professed faith in Christ and were examined and either baptized or enrolled in classes for instruction, while a large number not included in these figures were examined, but rejected because they were either still holding on to some heathen practice, or were not sufficiently instructed to have an intelligent faith. Four hundred and fifteen adults were baptized, averaging 46 to each ordained missionary, whereas in the home church the average is 8. Hence we have about six times as much to be thankful for as our brethren in America. The number of congregations has jumped from 9 to 27 in the Kunsan field, 28 to 53 in the Kwanju territory, and from 32 to 60 in Chunju, a net gain of 71. Of our 1,005 baptized adult members it may be said that the observance of family worship is universal, that they are growing in the grace of giving, and that they are very active in telling the Gospel to others. An oil manufacturer in the city of Chunju, for example, brings all his employees and their families and many of his neighbors to church, and all have been examined and found to have been well instructed. The Christians of the city, of their own accord, raised \$70 on Christmas day, and, among other things, fed 80 prisoners in the gaols and a number of the destitute.' The church at home can profit from the zeal of the church abroad. A prayer-meeting with 1,200 in attendance would seem a remarkable thing in America, but it is a regular occurrence in the Central Presbyterian Church, of Pyeng Yang, Korea. The Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Moffett, who has labored in Korea for seventeen years as a missionary of the Northern Presbyterian Church, in speaking of this church, ascribes the wonderful power and growth of Christianity among the Koreans to Bible study. Bible training classes are the foundation of the wonderful work God is doing among them. At one time 1,000 men spent ten days together in Bible study and evangelistic work. There is a spiritual fervor and zeal that makes every church-member a worker. They are also liberal, the Korean Presbyterians giving last year eight dollars for every dollar expended by the mission board.—*Missionary Review of Reviews*.

Through a visit just paid to Algeria by pastor J. P. Cook-Jelabert, attention has been drawn afresh to the work carried on for the past twenty years among the Kabyles by the

French (Wealean) Protestant Mission. The Kabyles belong to the old inhabitants of Algeria, being related to the Tuareg, Berber, and other North African races. With many more, they were conquered by the Arabs, and compelled to accept Mohammed as the prophet of God.

The difficulty of Christian work among Moslems was illustrated during the first seventeen years of constant and prayerful labor. Not much was to be seen in the way of results, though evidence was not wanting that God can indeed change ignorant fanatics into sincere and reliable Christians. A great change manifested itself about three years ago, and since then the power of God has been witnessed among the people. Among other cases, two orphan girls, the daughters of the marabout (a Mohammedan priest), accepted Christ, and are living an out and out consecrated life. A man who publicly confessed himself a thief, is now a humble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Another, who was so violent as to be feared and hated by all who knew him, is now a peaceable and lovable man, and the great change in his life has drawn others to the Saviour.

Faithfulness is the explanation of many a successful career. Opportunity, ability and the friendly assistance which may be given all tend to further one's efforts, but the persistent, undaunted faithfulness to the labor in hand, in the very face of opposition and hindrance, is that which conquers. The character which is developed by devotion to duty, in life's smallest undertakings, is being equipped for glorious achievements. Therein is found the secret of success.—*Presbyterian*.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch:
From Edwin R. Paterson, Vancouver, \$10.00.

Received for the Komatik: Douglas, Jack, and Bobs Walker, 60c.; E. M. M. K., Erie, \$2.00; A Friend, Inche gala, \$3.00; A Friend, specially for the care of a dog, \$2.00.

Previously acknowledged for the launch \$519.74

Previously acknowledged for the cots 109.98

Previously acknowledged for the komatik 86.85

Total received up to August 6 . . \$639.72

By a curious coincidence the letter from 'A Friend, Inche gala,' was handed to the Editor of the Boy's Page, while in his hand was a letter just received from Dr. Grenfell, in which he told of his first visit to Dr. Hare this summer. He found that the Doctor had had a very hard winter on account of the loss of several of the dogs of our Komatik team. One, an especially fine big fellow, broke into a store and gorged himself on salt meat. The result was an inordinate thirst and death.

In spite of this loss, Dr. Hare made many trips, and in one case covered 189 miles in three consecutive days. Our Komatik was never idle, for in between visits to sick and poor our dogs had to carry wood for the hospital from ten miles east of Harrington, and bring all their own food from fifty miles to the west.

Reading all this it almost seemed to the editor as though our 'Friend at Inche gala' had been looking over Dr. Grenfell's shoulder when he wrote, and so knew how useful those two dollars would be which he sent 'to be spent for the help or betterment of some poor miserable dog in connection with the work—just for the dog's sake, without any reference to the people.'

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.



LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1907.

The Two Reports of the Spies

Numbers xiii., 17-20, 23-33. Memory verses, 30, 31. Read Numbers xiii., xiv.

Golden Text.

The Lord is with us: fear them not.—Num. xiv., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 26.—Num. xiii., 1-3; 17-33.
Tuesday, August 27.—Num. xiv., 1-25.
Wednesday, August 28.—Num. xiv., 26-45.
Thursday, August 29.—Num. xxxii., 1-19.
Friday, August 30.—Deut. i., 22-46.
Saturday, August 31.—Ps. xvi., 1-11.
Sunday, Sept. 1.—Heb. iii., 1-19.

FOR THE JUNIORS.

There ought to be no difficulty in making this lesson one of the most interesting of the series. Its story is a favorite with the younger children, one they are always willing to hear again. The application to their own life need be none the less interesting. The Israelites had come to a land where there were real giants, mighty and cruel men; are there any giants to-day? Speak of the hymn they all know so well, 'Daniel's Band,' and ask if they know what the 'Many giants great and tall, stalking through the land,' in that hymn, may mean. Speak of bad temper, selfishness, cruelty, intemperance, and so many others that have conquered and killed so many men in this world. Get them to say over the golden text, the words that Caleb and Joshua used to the frightened Israelites, in this connection, but remind them that like the Israelites who later tried to go and conquer Canaan without the Lord, we can not conquer these giants in our own strength.

FOR THE SENIORS.

In something less than a year and a half from the time they set out from Egypt the people have reached the neighborhood of their promised goal. It had been a long and wearisome journey during which God had taught and wonderfully guided his people, but in spite of all he had done they were not yet ready for their high destiny. From a comparison of the various accounts it would seem that on arriving at Kadesh Barnea, Moses called on the people to advance in God's name to their triumph. They, however, pleading ignorance of the country, suggested a preliminary investigation, the appointment of representative men to examine the land and find out the best method of attack, etc. God, as at other times approved the suggestion made, and gave the appointment of such men his sanction. They went as his servants, but with the exception of two, they forgot their Lord. The twelve companions travelled the land whither in one or several companies; they all saw its good points, they all saw its difficulties, but the trouble was that the ten could see no higher than the point at which they appeared as grasshoppers against the obstacles while the two looked above to God. God would not have been displeased at a genuine humility in the face of such difficulties, but his anger was kindled at their omitting him entirely from their calculations. It was much the same sin that later drew defeat upon the rash ones who attempted to proceed after God had closed the door (Num. xiv., 40-45). The manly stand of Caleb and Joshua

never loses its fascination. Think of the scene—The childish unreasonable crowd stirring to another outburst of resentment in their disappointment at the report of their chosen representatives after forty days of anxious waiting, when Caleb stood forth and 'stilled the people' for a while with his earnest protest. He tried to make the people believe in themselves because they believed in their God, but their belief having been too surely placed in the difficulties ahead, they could have no belief in themselves. The Christian should be confident because he trusts his God, although he is fain to confess his own weakness. As Paul says, 'When I am weak then am I strong,' because he remembered God's word, 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE'.)

This Eschol, or Grape Valley, a hill to the south of Hebron, is still clad with vines, and the grapes are the finest and largest in Palestine. Clusters weighing ten to twelve pounds have been gathered. With care and judicious thinning it is known that bunches weighing nearly twenty pounds can be produced.—H. B. Tristram, in the 'Natural History of the Bible.'

30. Let us go up at once. The one thing we are told about Caleb is that he was a man of 'another spirit' (xiv., 24); that determines the quality of the man. Character is a question of spirit. It is an affair of mind and spiritual glow. Caleb had been upon the preliminary search; Caleb had seen the walls, and the Anakim, and the fortresses, and he came back saying, 'We can do this, not because we have so many arms only or so many resources of a material kind—but because he was a man of 'another spirit.' In the long run, spirit wins; in the outcome of all history, spirit will be uppermost.—Joseph Parker.

Me thinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane,
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And thus, alas!
We miss the prospect which we are called unto.

—Mrs. Browning.

Our fears are always greater than our foes.
—Rams' Horn.

What are Christians put into the world for except to do the impossible by the grace of God?—Armstrong.

The greater difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it; skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.—Epicurus.

Faith reasons from God to the difficulties—it begins with Him; unbelief reasons from the difficulties to God, it begins with them.—C. H. Mackintosh.

What can be more unkind than to communicate our low spirits to each other, to go about the world like demons, poisoning the fountains of joy?—Faber.

Who thinks he will fail, will probably fail; who doubts himself will achieve only such results as will confirm it.—Muriel Strode.

Even through the very midst of the Slough of Despond, there are certain good, substantial steps.—Bunyan.

If you stand on the mountain of faith and look down, things will seem easy to you; but if you are in the valley of doubt, they will look like giants.—Moody.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Deut. i., 19-46; Josh. xiv., 6-15; Heb. iii., 7—iv., 3; I. Cor. II., 9; Rom. viii., 31; Num. xxxii., 7; Ps. xviii., 2

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Topic—'I can' and 'I can't.' Isa. xxxv., 3, 4; xxx., 15-18; Heb. iii., (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

PURPOSE MEETING.

Monday, Aug. 26.—The four princes. Dan. i., 1-7.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Daniel's request. Dan. i., 8-16.

Wednesday, Aug. 28.—The wise princes. Dan. i., 17-21.

Thursday, Aug. 29.—David's purpose. Ps. xvii., 3.

Friday, Aug. 30.—With a purpose of heart. Acts xi., 23.

Saturday, August 31.—Giving with a purpose. II. Cor. ix., 7.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Topic—A boy with a purpose. Dan. i., 8. (Consecration meeting.)

Is This Your Experience as a Sunday School Pastor?

As a pastor, I found myself pitifully inadequate to meet the requirements of Sunday school work. It had been my privilege but a few years ago to study in a representative theological seminary, where I covered the full course of 'catechetics,' 'pastoral theology,' etc., yet the training of this representative institution did not 'train' relative to the principles, problems, needs and growing demands of this foundation work of the church, the Bible school. In parish work, therefore, I found myself in the growing years unequipped, and face to face with the awful alternative that the Sunday school must be improved or suffer the loss—as the church at large, for the most part, has suffered for years—of scores of youth.—The Rev. George Whitefield Mead, in 'Modern Methods in Sunday School.'

The Sunday school as an institution is, to my mind, the most important part of the church. It is at the present moment doing more, I believe, than any one agency, apart from the home, to preserve this republic in all forms of integrity looking toward the future righteousness of this nation. I say this without qualification.—Charles M. Sheldon.

USE A TYPEWRITER.

The typewriter is becoming more and more popular all the time. It used to be used only by the largest business firms, but now the smallest business demands a typewriter. It is not only the added style it gives to correspondence, but its great advantages are legibility of writing, greater accuracy, saving of time, multiplication of copies for filing and circular uses, etc., etc. Ministers are finding it indispensable, and the vast majority of successful ministers to-day find the typewriter of great service in so many branches of church work. Indeed, congregations realizing this have presented their minister with a typewriter. Then, too, many a young man or woman is to-day fitting themselves at home for remunerative positions by securing a typewriter and becoming proficient on it. To learn to write correctly on such a machine as the 'Oliver' is only a matter of a few minutes, because one sees exactly what one is doing all the time. Speed of course comes with practice, and at the end of a day's practice one can write letters with comparative ease.

The choice of a typewriter is a matter of great importance. So many are flimsy—little better than toys, and among the standard machines some are 'blind,' that is, the actual writing is not done in sight of the operator. Some machines for this reason are hard to learn—others are apt to get out of order owing to bad mechanical construction. Among the best machines made to-day none has so great a sale as the 'Oliver'—none is so durable—none so easily learned. Moreover, it is the only standard machine manufactured in Canada, and being manufactured here it is the only standard machine that does not have to pay a heavy duty. The Canadian Oliver Typewriter Company will doubtless be glad to give all information with catalogue and prices to any one addressing them at their Head Office, 140 St. Peter street, next to the 'Witress' Building.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXIX—(Continued.)

There was a silence in the place—a silence that might be felt. The measure of the feeling that prevailed may be understood when I say that Norwood Hayes sat with a face pale and bloodless, stunned, as though an unseen hand had dealt him a giant blow. There was no further discussion—there hardly could be; the motion was passed without a dissentient voice. It was finally arranged that a minister from Hull, a well-known but comparatively youthful temperance advocate, who had up to now not accepted any pastorate, but had confined himself to temperance work, should be invited to uplift the flag of total abstinence—unique event!—within the walls of the house of God.

A better man for the purpose they could not have happened on. The Rev. Edwin Hallows believed that Abstinence was a part and parcel of practical Christianity. He did not believe in it as a good thing that might with advantage be tacked on to Christianity, but to him it was a part, and an essential part. Indeed, according to his idea, and it is undoubtedly the right one, whatever thing is wholly good must from its very nature and the nature of Christ Himself, be of the essence of Christianity. Another good point about the man was that he never descended to handy words and arguments with those who by this means try to shield themselves from the accusations, not of the Temperance speaker, but their own conscience. The point does not arise whether Christ drank fermented wine two thousand years ago in Galilee. This is the question that Hallows drove home. If Christ lived here and now, what would His course of action be? There is but one answer, and the young evangelist knew that that question fairly answered, decided the matter.

Not only on the Temperance question, but on every other question, this was a favorite formula of his, and though it has no direct bearing on my story, still so good a one is it, that I would fain impress it on my reader's minds as a guide at every meeting of the roads. Sometimes it really seems that either of the two ways is right. It never is so, but it seems to be. Then it is the time to ask the question, "What would Jesus do?" and there is no longer any mistake as to which is right.

It happened that Mr. Hallows was engaged two or three Sundays deep, and was, therefore, unable to occupy the Netherborough pulpit for that length of time. Nevertheless, arrangements were made that he should preach on the first vacant Sunday he had. Just two weeks before that date, Cuthbert Hayes, having 'learnt business,' returned to his father's house.

The morning sermon was a powerful discourse on the duty and the privilege of Christian self-sacrifice. It was one sustained home-thrust, and some who heard it visibly shrank through the acuteness of their mental pain. Speaking of the duty of every Christian to abstain from strong drink, he said, after he had painted in strong colors the evil doings of the liquor fiend:—

"Is this indictment true? Then what has a Christian, that is, a Christ's man, to do with this accursed thing? Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? Can the body of Christ receive into it and assimilate the perilous stuff from which the Head of the body would have turned His pure lips away? It is true that drink has poisoned the blood of the unborn babe, doomed from its first cry to be

the bond-slave of alcohol—but it tastes good! It is true that noble youth, with the stamp of manhood on its brow, is wrecked and shattered and broken in the very morning of his days—but it is pleasant to the taste! It is true that it has prostituted fair maidenhood to a career of shame, and a grave before girlhood's years are past—but it is an enjoyable beverage! It is true that it has shattered manhood, killed character, quenched the fires of genius, hurled noble reputations into fathomless mire, covered grey hairs with grimiest shame, and broken hearts almost angelic in their power of faith and love. It has done all this, and dug hells of fire and agony, that may neither be bottomed nor gauged—but it is a refreshing thing to quaff, leaves quite a glow behind it, gives a flip to jaded nerves, and adds an impulse of cheer to the social board!

"So fill up the glass, and let the wine pass,
And joy in the juice of the vine;
If others go wrong, as they stumble along,
Why, that is no business of mine."

"And this is the conventional Christ's man! This! This! This! This is he who hath heard the call of the Master! He of the thorn-crown! He of the wounded hands and side! And as the gentle Jesus moves on with bleeding feet, trampling over mountains, bleak and bare, to seek and save the lost, with an anxious love that surges to a heart-break, He says to the Christian, "Follow Me," and this is the way he does it!"

The influence of the sermon was immense. Not a soul present but what was stirred to its very depths, and doubtless had he so desired, Mr. Hallows might then and there have gained many of those present as soldiers in the Holy War. But he had another plan. He was not content with the possibility of gaining one or two where he might haply gain all, and powerful as his morning's discourse had been, he had reserved himself for a supreme effort, and a more direct appeal, at night. Aaron Brigham was in ecstasies.

"That's preaching nob," said he, "naebody can elink away an' say 'at it was t' thing for 'is next deear naybour. There's nae, misteeake aboot it, hit ivery yan o' us, and it's boond to deea good."

CHAPTER XL

But how shall I describe the evening sermon? It was a veritable masterpiece, and had a powerful influence for good, because the preacher put his soul into his words.

He took for his text the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses of Mark nine, and graphically described the scene at the foot of Mount Hermon, the gathered crowd, the demon-tormented boy, the distracted father, and the baffled disciples. Up on the hill top the favored three were witnessing the glory of the Master, and Peter, like many a Christian of to-day, felt that it was good to be there, though all the time in the vale below, devils were playing their lawless pranks without restraint. Too many Christians, said the preacher, are content to be on the mountain alone with God, while the world, of which they are the salt, goes on its unimpeded way to corruption.

"Down the mountain side comes the Saviour, but what a humiliating and heart-breaking picture it was that met His sight. A scene of triumphant infidelity and defeated truth; a picture, more shame to us who bear His name,

painted in standing and staring colors all around us at this present day! British youth, writhing and pining under the spell of legions of destroying devils, a grief-stricken army of despairing fathers, heart-broken mothers, and shame-smitten friends appealing to the Christian forces of the church to "Cast them out"—and we cannot! An atheistic unbelief laughs aloud, and the laughter is echoed from an exultant hell."

Then in loving, sympathetic words he described how the Man of Sorrow vanquished the devil in the boy, and presented him a living soul once again to his father.

"There may be many demons," continued the preacher, "but surely the chief of them all is the demon Drink, and truly the description here given applies to him in every way. He was a "foul spirit." That by common consent is a description of the drink fiend as it wrecks and ruins the lives of those of whom it has become possessed. How a "foul spirit" in one case can be an angel of light in another is beyond my ken."

"It was a "dumb" spirit; and is not that? It is secret, silent, insidious in its approach upon its victim, who hears no warning, detects no harm. The rattle-snake springs its rattle ere it curves to strike; but all unknown, unnoted, the dumb devil creeps amid family socialities, friendly gatherings, and public festivities—secret and silent as the grave it designs to fill. The victim becomes dumb too, and indulges his new-found craving in the silence of secrecy."

"Deaf it was; and is not this deaf? Never an ear has it for the cries and pleadings of the reluctant victim, or the tears of the wife, the mother, the child. The piteous cry, "Come home!" only wakes the vacuous laughter of the bar-room; for all are deaf, stone deaf, and reason, friendship, pity, anger and even love, shall speak in vain to the deaf, dumb devil of Strong Drink!"

"Wheresoever he taketh him." The victim is at his power; every succeeding step is downward, and at every step the subtle coils are tightening round the victim of the demon Drink. There "may be" sufficient resistance to snap the damning spell. But will you risk the future of your lad on that fine-spun thread of "may be," while the open gulf of a likelier "shall be" lies underneath? Norwood Hayes hung his head, and a tear-drop glistened in his eye. Just what had he done—he knew it—and the thread had broken. Enticement first, and then compulsion. The devil taketh him and hurries him down the fatal steep, though the victim knows that the dead are there, and his feet take hold on hell.

"Dasheth him down"; the sight is too common; "foameth, gnaseth, grindeth his teeth"; not half strong enough, a picture of delirium; and then "he pineth away"—for when the fierce, unholy stimulus is away, there is collapse, the nerveless, quaking limb, the devious step, the hesitating foot, the face all blotched or sallow.

"Again, "How long ago is it since this came to him?" Of a child. I have seen a mother give it to her babe, and the bright young folk around the dinner table have become acquainted with it there." And again Norwood Hayes groaned in spirit, for that was where Cuthbert had first learnt to drink—from his father's glass.

"It hath cast him into the fire or water. Is not that true to life? How many accidents have you had in Netherborough that you cannot trace to drink? Few, I am certain, though I do not know the town."

(To be Continued.)

THE BEST LIFE.

Do not hurry.
Do not worry;
Grip your purpose and be true.
Days must measure,
God's own pleasure,
When this truth is plain to you.

Then be steady,
Always ready;
Never murmur, do your part,
Light each duty
With the beauty
Of a wholesome, happy heart.

—Selected.

COUNTING.

Do you remember learning to count? I dare say not. But I am pretty sure you learned to count on your fingers, or perhaps you were given bright counters or shells to use instead.

Savages learn to count in just the same way. Most of them use their fingers and so they learn to count tens as we do, and some of them give their numbers very funny names. The Indians on the Orinoco call five 'one hand' and ten 'two hands.' But they use their feet as well, and call fifteen 'whole foot,' sixteen 'one to the other foot,' and twenty 'one man.' This plan becomes very complicated with higher figures, for twenty-one is 'one to the hand of the next man.'

The African savages count in much the same way. The Zulu for six is 'tatisitupa,' which means 'taking the thumb'; that is, the man who is counting has used the five fingers of one hand, and is beginning to use the second hand, starting at the thumb.

Some races use the joints of the finger instead of the fingers themselves, and they are very badly off, for they can count only up to three.

Some Australian tribes count thus—one, two, two-one, two-two and can go no further. Other races have only three words, 'one,' 'two,' 'a great many.'

But savages sometimes use other things for counting than fingers or joints. Our own word 'calculate' means 'working with pebbles.' One African tribe calls forty 'ogodze,' which means 'string,' because they use cowrie-shells strung together by forties for counting. Their name for hundred is 'yha' which means 'heap'; that is, a heap of cowries.—'Chatterbox.'

NOW IS THE TIME.

'No one was ever sorry for promptly doing a kind or generous action. Thousands, however, have bitterly regretted, when it was too late, the postponement of a tender act. A gentleman thus tells with thankfulness an experience of his boyhood.

'One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly.

'Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and dress for the singing class. My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me, after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

'Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

'Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of the

farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face. Your father!" he said "He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words that he spoke were to you."

'I am an old man now; but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those words were:—"You've always been a good boy to me."—Selected.

WHAT GOD SAW.

A little while ago men looked upon a drunken old swearing sailor; that was all they saw; but God looked and said, 'John Newton,' and John Newton afterwards wrote some of the finest hymns we sing.

The world looked upon an old drunken swearing tinker, and that is all the world saw; but God looked at him in love and said, 'John Bunyan,' and made him the immortal dreamer.

A little while ago the world looked upon a publican, after our modern sort, a beer-seller, and that is all the world saw—a seller of wine and beer; but God looked at him in love and said, 'Whitefield,' and made him the mighty preacher and soul-winner.

A little while ago the world looked upon a man in a shoe-store in the city of Chicago, and that was all it saw; but God said, 'Dwight L. Moody,' and he has put his hands on two continents, and they have pulsed after God.

The world looked upon a young collier, the plaything of his mates, the butt of the party, and Love said, 'Evan Roberts,' and made him a sunbeam in the lives of tens of thousands.

It takes Love to see.—Selected.

'KEEP COOL!'

A train dispatcher noted for his steady nerve and steady hand frequently gives to young aspirants for promotion this bit of his own training:

'We were twin brothers. He was 'Philly,' I was 'Billy.'

When a little lad Philly's favorite lay was molding mud pills, while I ran daily races barefoot with the locomotives that passed our home. I loved the black, swift-travelling monsters, and considered an engine a thing of beauty.

When we were twelve years old, Philly and I bought an inferior battered set of telegraph instruments. Mother knew how to keep boys at home in the evenings. She let me set up my telegraph office in a corner of our sitting room.

In another corner was Philly's apothecary shop and operating room, and when not in use this was cunningly hidden by a pretty curtain.

I was extremely nervous and excitable. Mother gave me many talks on the need of cultivating command over their weakness. Philly, loyal soul, constituted himself my guardian. When he saw the color flame into my face, he'd call out in a sing-song tone:

'Kee-ee-cep coo-oo-1, Billy. Steady, steady, boy!'

Our station agent kindly gave me needed instructions. Telegraphy proved a fascinating study to me. I learned rapidly, but alas! my nervousness frequently hindered me when attempting something a bit difficult.

Mother and Philly continued trying to aid me in my endeavor to cultivate a steady hand. Necessity compelled me to begin work when a mere boy. On a number of trying occasions Philly's 'kee-ee-cep cool' did me a good turn.

There came a day when mother lay in the churchyard beside father, and Philly was away 'tending medical lectures.' A distressing accident had occurred in an isolated, swampy spot. A heavily loaded excursion train had gone over a weakened bridge into a deep stream swollen by recent storms.

I was the only available operator near, and was hastily summoned to the scene. I was expected to improvise a temporary wire connection with the main line.

The cries of the wounded were pitifully appealing; the night was moonless.

With Philly's old-time encouraging cry ringing loud in my ears, I began work beneath a beech-tree growing near to the road-bed.

The work of rescue was energetically press-

ed, but it progressed slowly. On every hand there were difficulties to overcome. The night was a long one. A time had arrived when I must not fail in my duty and needed a steady hand. I knew how much depended on me, and that nervousness meant more than failure. In fancy I was again my mother's little lad, listening to her admonition:

'When need demands, my son, forget everything save duty.'

With a final and successful effort I closed my ears to everything save orders from my superior officers, and Philly's old piping cry: 'Kee-ee-cep cool, Billy. Steady, steady, boy!'

It was done at last. The connection was complete, and I had conquered a weakness that had nearly conquered me.—'Our Young People.'

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

In the heart of the busy city
In the scorching noontide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in an old stone basin,
And over the cool, wet brink
The heads of the thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
As the horses come and go,
The 'Gift of Three Little Sisters'
Is read on the stone below.

Ah! beasts are not taught letters;
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words; and yet

I think that each thirsty creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks, in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone—
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fate,
Or the names they bear to men,
But the sweetness of that precious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after,
They must the happier be
For the cup of water poured by them
When they were children three.

—Selected.

SOME DEAD FLIES—HINTS FOR BOYS.

The wise Preacher (see Eccl. x., 1), says: 'Dead flies cause the anointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor.'

That is, a little foolishness or unbecoming conduct or bad, extravagant habits indulged by a man noted for his wisdom will cause the people to deride or despise or scorn him. And

Cameras Free

Plenty of room for more boys to earn Cameras selling the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Ten cents a copy.

Sell 18 and get No. 1 size camera; pictures, 2 1/4 x 2 1/4.

Sell 36 and get No. 2 size; pictures, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4.

Sell 5 and get one film roll, six exposures. Always mention size of camera in ordering films.

The old favorite premiums, too, at lower rates than ever.

Sell 9 and get a fine Rogers' Jackknife—two blades.

Sell 14 and get a fountain pen, gold nib.

Sell 20 and get a reliable nickel watch—(chain thrown in during summer months).

Sell 6 if you have a watch and want the chain only.

We trust you with a package to start on—write at once if you want the August number.

Full instructions and hints to agents sent to every applicant. Orders promptly filled. Address: John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—This offer is not good for Montreal or suburbs, but Montreal boys away on their vacation may earn their premium by selling the 'Pictorial' at any seaside or summer resort in Canada.

the same will hold good in the case of a boy. Now, these indiscretions, foolish acts, unbecoming conduct, and bad habits, are figuratively called 'dead flies,' for as a mass of dead flies decaying in the apothecary's sweet ointment will befoul it and cause it to send forth an offensive odor, so will vile conduct and bad habits in a boy cause him to be offensive to all good, sensible people.

Now, what are some of these dead flies? Let us see:

1. Refusing to love and obey father, mother, brothers and sisters.
2. Speaking loud, cross, snappy, to father and mother.
3. Doing in a pouting, sulky, growling way what father or mother requests him to do.
4. Using wicked words, talking vile talk, telling lies.
5. Profaning or breaking the Sabbath day, by going swimming, skating, fishing, hunting, or playing baseball or football on Sunday.
6. Smoking or chewing tobacco or smoking cigarettes.
7. Loitering around cigar-stores, billiard-rooms, saloons, or pool-rooms.
8. Playing cards or gambling in any way.
9. Drinking beer, whiskey, or any intoxicating drink.
10. Going in company with boys who smoke, chew, drink beer or whiskey and loiter in the saloons and tobacco stores.
11. Playing truant or otherwise disobeying teachers or parents.
12. Being filthy and careless as to your personal appearance.

Any one of these habits or practices indulged by boys is more or less of a reproach, and causes thoughtful, sensible men and women to feel sorry for them or reproach them; for, remember, as the wise Preacher says in the verse quoted at the beginning of this article, it only requires a 'little folly' to cause a man reputed for wisdom to lose the respect of his fellows. So it only requires a little indiscretion, a little foolishness on the part of an otherwise upright boy to cause men and women to lose confidence in him.—'Religious Telescope.'

THE NEEDLE.

In and out, in and out,
Goes my shining way;
Never stop for round about,
Put it through, I say.

Push along, push along,
Neighbor Thimble, do;
Though I'm bright and stout and strong,
I have need of you.

I've a stitch in my side,
Hem in my throat;
I have to run
Like a mountain goat.
I fell, but never hurt got I;
And merrily sounds my gathering-cry.

In an out, in and out,
Goes my shining way;
I shall do, beyond a doubt,
All my work to-day.

Follow me, follow me,
Neighbor Thread now do;
Though I'm clever, you can see
I have need of thee.

—St. Nicholas.

THE MICROSCOPE HABIT.

'I suppose science is a great thing,' said an old lady, with the doubtful tone of one venturing into unfamiliar regions, 'and all these new-fangled fashions of investigating is useful, but seems like we haven't much peace at our house since John's taken to looking at everything through a microscope. The water ain't pure, the vegetables is inhabited and all the wholesome, comfortable things that we've enjoyed and been thankful for all these years is discovered to have specks and spots, till 'most everything is spoiled.'

But the microscope habit is still worse when it invades the moral and spiritual realm. There are those so addicted to it that they are constantly turning the glass upon their

Big Brother to the Rescue.



—From 'Our Little Dots,' Published by the Religious Tract Society.
MY BOAT IS SAILING AWAY!

fellows and all their doings and exclaiming over the defects that keen scrutiny can bring to light. The home life that looks so beautiful has its flaws, after all; the kind deed that is so helpful holds its alloy of selfishness. The one whose example stirs to emulation is far from perfect. There are mixed motives to be discovered, if one looks closely enough, in the teacher whose words thrill and uplift those about him. Friendship, philanthropy, and faith, all are subjected to the ever-ready glass and all pronounced imperfect. The trouble with the microscope people is that they only spoil what we have; they never substitute anything better.—Selected.

BEING A MAN.

You cannot be a man and live a man's life without coming into this world where sin is and where you must be tried. That great temptation that comes swaggering up and frightening you so has got the best part of your character held under his brawny arm. You cannot get it without wrestling with him and forcing it away from him. That mountain that towers up and defies you has got your spiritual health away up on its snowy summit. That is what shines there in the sun. You cannot reach it except by the terrible climb. Ask yourself what you would have been if you had never been

tempted, and own what a blessed thing the educating power of temptation is.—Phillips Brooks.

FOR INKY FINGERS.

A girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other schoolboys and schoolgirls should know to.

'It's so needful, mamma,' she says. 'All boys and girls get ink on their fingers, you know.'

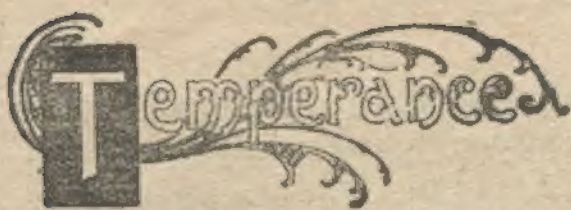
'Surely they do, and on their clothes as well,' said her mother.

'I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there,' responded the girl. 'I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!'

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match safe and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

'There,' said the girl, after she had finished. 'Isn't that good? I read that in a house-keeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now; it's just splendid!'

So some other boys and girls might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.—'Harper's Round Table.'



IT SAVES THE BOYS.

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

'Where were you born?'

'In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor.'

'Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?'

'Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty.'

'What was the effect of prohibition?'

'It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe.'

'How long did you live in the village after prohibition?'

'Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age.'

'Then?'

'Then I went to Bangor.'

'Do you drink now?'

'I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life.'

'Why?'

'Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit.'

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want.—'North American Review.'

TALMAGE ON TOBACCO.

Dr. Talmage, in a sermon on 'tobacco,' spoke as follows:

'You say to me: Didn't God create tobacco? Yes. Is not God good? Yes. Well, is not tobacco good when created by a good God? Yes, your logic is complete. But God created common-sense at the same time, by which we are to know how to use poison and how not to use it. That tobacco is a poison no man with common sense will deny. But, you say, have not people using it lived on to a good old age? Yes. I have seen inebriates seventy years old. At Boston, some years ago, there was a meeting in which several centenarians spoke. One had been an inveterate smoker, while another declared that he had hardly seen a sober moment for the last fifty years. How many outrages a man may commit upon his physical system and yet live on! In the case of the man of the jug, he lived on because his body was a physical pickle, while he of the pipe lived on because his body was turned into a smoked liver. But what is the advice to be given to the young people who are here this day?'

First of all we must advise them to abstain from the use of tobacco, because the medical fraternities of the United States and Great Britain concur in calling this habit destructive and unhealthy. Temperance reformers will tell you that tobacco creates an unnatural thirst, and this causes more drunkenness in America than anything else. I say in the presence of this assembly to-day that the pathway of the drunkard to Hell is strewn with tobacco leaves. America gives a million dollars to the salvation of the heathen a year. American Christians smoke five million dollars' worth of tobacco. I speak to-day in the presence of the vast multitude of young people who are forming their habits. Habits are easy to acquire, but hard to get over. You must either smoke expen-

sive or inexpensive tobacco. If it is cheap, it contains lime, fullers' earth, lamp-black, burdock and other things, and little tobacco. How can you afford to put such a mess as that into your mouth?'

Many young men—otherwise and more properly called dudes—are daily seen strutting about our streets, swinging their canes and making themselves conspicuous and offensive by their cigar smoking, and pompous, swelling manners. A million of such fops, gathered into one 'grand army,' would not be worth, even for a 'great moral show,' much less for 'fighting purposes,' the cost of the 'kid gloves, you know,' they would always insist on wearing.

THE JUDGE'S MISTAKE.

A poor woman stood near the magistrate who was hearing the case. 'Drunk; third arrest,' against her husband. It was quickly decided; somehow the pathetic face of the woman touched the judge, and he said to her: 'I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband.' She did not seem one who would be a deep thinker, but was there not deep wisdom in her sad and quick reply: 'Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?'—Selected.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS.

Under this heading the Rev. Dr. G. C. Clark has an article in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate' in reply to the remark of a saloonkeeper that a Christian was 'one who says his prayers and mends his own business.' After giving the Scriptural conception of a Christian and quoting Paul's statement, 'We wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' Dr. Clark adds, 'These terms embrace the saloon and every other form of public iniquity. It is a plain hint as to our line of duty after saying our prayers.'

'The Christian has no right to be content with his prayers while any barefaced iniquity frowns at him while it destroys the people. If a rumshop exists within striking distance of him, it is the Christian's business to get on the whole armor of God and get out after that rumshop and smite it, and keep on smiting it to the death. It is his business to do that with every enemy of men. No one denies that it is the Christian's duty to save the drunkard, to lift up the fallen and to sustain civil government. Even the saloonkeeper consents that it is the business of the Church to take care of the ripened product of his nefarious traffic. But I say if it is the duty of the Church to save the drunkard, it is much more the duty of the Church to stop drunkard-making. If it is the duty of the Church to lift up the fallen, it is much more her duty to keep men from falling. If it is the duty of the Church to support the civil government, it is much more her duty to see that she has decent men in authority to pray for. If it is the duty of the Church to submit to the powers that be, it is much more her duty to see that the powers that be are ordained of God, not of the devil.'

The Christian is not done minding his own business when he is through saying his prayers. We are by far too willing to be content with saying our prayers, while the rulers of the darkness of this world run things with a high hand. We are too much afraid of being offensive. We shrink from having a fuss, when we ought to be ready for a fuss any time in the interest of righteousness. The Christian Church ought to be a terror to evil-doers. Unless we make it so we fail of our full duty to God and man. Until the Church demonstrates to the world that she is the open enemy of every form of iniquity, of oppression, of robbery, of injustice; until the Church becomes an active partner of every great reform, and the champion of righteousness in every grade of public and private life; until she can compel political parties to see and feel that her influence and vote are worth as much, at least, as that of

the saloon power; she will fail to reach the standard set for her in the Gospel; she will fall short of the expectations of her divine Lord and Master.'

Obedience is Better Than Sacrifice.

Some years ago there was a great revival in Ohio. Penitents were at the altar seeking pardon and believers seeking a deeper spiritual life. One of the leading members of the church, a wealthy farmer, was earnestly pleading for a pure heart. All at once he arose, walked down the aisle, and took his seat by the door. Afterwards he slipped away without a word.

The meetings grew in power and interest, but he was absent. His friends began to wonder what was the matter. He had been in the habit of selling his corn to the distillers for making whiskey because they paid the highest price. He had several thousand bushels he intended to sell them in a few days.

The third night he was back at the meeting. He looked radiant, and every one could see that something unusual had happened. He arose and said:

'During the past two days and nights I have had a great controversy with the Almighty. When I bowed at this altar a few nights ago something seemed to say to me:

"If you get this blessing, what will you do with all your corn in your bins? You won't dare to sell it to the distillers." I tried to pray.

"What will you do with the corn?" sounded louder than the prayer. I knew there was no sale for it only at the distillers, and I needed the money very much. I could not answer that question at the altar, so I went back to the door and sat down. After the meeting I hurried home, and all that night, the next day and the next night the question remained unanswered. This morning I went out back of one of my corn-cribs, knelt down, and said, "Lord, I will never rise from my knees until this matter is settled."

Then came, with greater force than ever, the question, "What will you do with this corn?"

I answered, "Lord, I will let every bushel of corn in these cribs rot before I will sell one to the distillers."

Hardly had the words been uttered when I felt as if I was in Paradise. God flooded my whole being with light, joy and peace. And, brethren, I will never sell another grain of corn to the distillers as long as I live.'

In less than a year corn became scarce, the price went up, and he sold all his corn for double the money he could have gotten from the distillers.—Selected.

SHINGLING HIS OWN ROOF.

Captain McCabe tells the story of a drinking man who, being in a saloon late at night, heard the wife of the saloon keeper say to her husband:

'Send that fellow home; it's late.'

'No, never mind,' replied the husband; 'he is shingling our house for us.'

The idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months. When passing the saloon keeper in the street, the latter said:

'Why don't you come around to my place any more?'

'Thank you for your hospitality,' replied the former victim, 'I've been shingling my own roof lately.'—'National Advocate.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

LITTLE FOLKS

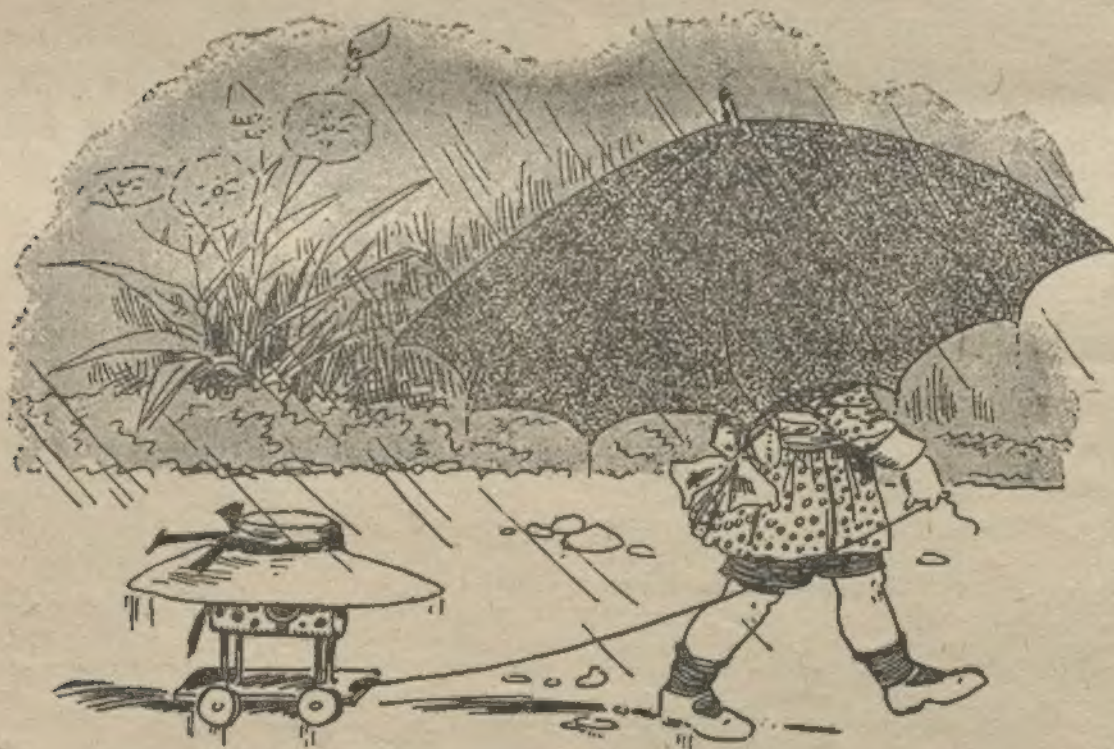
Max and His Umbrellas.

'Take the umbrella, Max,' said his mother. 'It looks to me as if it might rain, and I should not like your new tunic to get wet.'

It was Max's birthday. His father had given him a toy horse on wheels, and mother had made

Max stopped and opened the big umbrella, and so big was it that it kept the rain well off him. Still Max was not happy!

'My horse, my poor horse is getting so wet! I do wish I had an umbrella for him! It is selfish to be dry yourself and to let your



his new spotted tunic, and now he was off to visit his grannie, who would also have a present for him.

Grannie lived some way down the road, but it was a very quiet one, and Max often went by himself, for he was a very cautious little boy, and could be trusted not to get run over.

So off he set in great spirits, dragging his dear horse with one hand, whilst in the other he held the big umbrella, as mother had bidden him.

Before he was halfway to grannie's house the rain began—not little drops, but a heavy, blinding shower.

The Thistle in the Heart.

'I've come again, mamma,' said little Lillie White, softly peeping into the chamber where Mr. White sat writing letters. 'Lillie couldn't help it, mamma.'

'And what is the matter with my little girl this time?' Laying by her pen when she had written the sentence out, she extended a hand to the little girl, adding: 'You haven't got another thistle in your finger, have you?'

'No, mamma, my finger is almost

friends get wet!' said Max sadly.

He stood still and thought a minute, then said suddenly:

'I know how to manage it! It is a beautiful way! My hat will make a splendid horse umbrella.'

So he took off his big straw hat, and put it on the horse's head, and certainly it made as good a shelter for the horse as the umbrella did for Max.

'Now we are both all right,' said Max; and once more taking up the string, he and his horse friend reached grannie's in safety, and both of them were hardly a bit wet, thanks to the two umbrellas. —'Leading Strings.'

well; but something keeps stinging in my bosom. You needn't take off my dress, mamma: you couldn't see it—it's deep. I know what it is—it's naughty, wicked hate. I hate Nellie Marsh, she's never good to any of us. But her aunt in Brighton sends her the boofulest things. Now she has sent a blue dress, and a doll all dressed in white and pink. She des brought 'em out and showed 'em to me, and she said: 'You can't have such booful things, Lillie White.' Then

the hate stinged me harder than the thistle a little while ago. Won't you take this out, too, mamma?'

'Only Jesus can take out a sting like that,' said Lillie's mother, very gently, her arm about her darling. 'Go directly to your own little chamber, dear, and kneel down and tell the dear Jesus all your trouble, and ask Him for just the help you need.'

The little girl slipped from her embrace and left the room. A little while after she was seen walking in the garden, talking to her poor, spoiled dolly, and kissing its face as lovingly as Nellie Marsh could have kissed her brand-new one. By-and-by she raised her bright smiling face to the window, and seeing her mother looking down, called out:

'It's all gone, mamma—all gone!' —'Christian Globe.'

Bessie's Buttons.

Bessie was learning to sew on buttons. Her mother had marked the places where they were to go, and Bessie was sitting beside the open window sewing them on her new dress. They were pretty white pearl, with little stars cut on every one. Bessie just loved to look at them as they lay arranged in a row on the window-sill, shining in the sunshine.

'I've sewed on three,' said Bessie; and she reached out her hand for the fourth, when in some way she knocked six of them out of the window.

'Dear me!' she said, 'now I shall have to go out and pick them up. I hope I'll find them all.' So she took off her thimble, laid the dress across a chair, and ran out into the yard.

Somebody was there before her, and had picked them up, every one. Mr. Toots, the big, snow-white rooster, was standing under the window, and the last button was disappearing within his beak when Bessie came around the corner.

Now Bessie was very fond of Mr. Toots. He was quite tame, and whenever she caught him, she would lay her cheek against his

smooth neck and hug him. Whenever he saw her he would come up on the doorstep 'on purpose to be hugged,' Bessie said. She fed him every morning, saving the nicest crumbs for his breakfast and he loved to walk in the garden with her.

But now, when Bessie saw what he had done, she turned and ran into the house as fast as she could. She was almost crying. 'O mamma, mamma,' she said, 'Mr. Toots has eaten six of my buttons, and he will die!'

Mamma looked surprised; then she smiled. 'O no, Mr. Toots won't die,' she said. 'Buttons are just the sort of things Mr. Toots needs to chew his food with.'

Bessie opened her eyes wide at that, and her mother laughed. 'You know Mr. Toots hasn't any teeth,' she explained, 'so he has to grind his food in a little tough bag inside of him, which is called his gizzard. But there needs to be something hard, like gravel stones or bits of crockery, to mix with the food and help grind it fine as the gizzard squeezes and squeezes it. Your buttons, with their fine edges, will be nice for that purpose.'

And just at that moment Mr. Toots answered for himself in a hearty voice, looking in at the door. 'Cock-a-doodle-do!' he said; which meant, 'Nonsense, don't worry about me!'—Susan Brown Robbins, in 'Little Folks.'

A New Story.

'Don't you know any new stories, mamma?' asked Philip.

'What kind of a new story?' said mamma, looking up from her sewing.

Philip shut his brown eyes for a moment, and then opened them very wide. 'Oh, I know!' he said.

'Well?' said mamma.

'A story about a pony!'

'Yes?' said mamma.

'A little black pony,' said Philip, 'that lived in a pasture with his mother.'

'Yes?' said mamma.

'And right next the pasture was a house, where a little boy lived in summer.'

Mamma looked very much interested.

'And when night came,' said

Philip, 'the little black pony would run away across the pasture to a big barn, and go in, and there would be a lot of nice straw there, and the little black pony would lie down on the straw and go fast asleep.'

'And what would the pony do in the day-time?' asked mamma.

'Oh, in the daytime he would run along by the fence near the house where the little boy lived, and when he saw the little boy he would shake his head up and down, and kick up his heels like this!' and Philip shook his head and ran capering about the sitting-room.

'And what else would the black pony do?' asked mamma.

'Sometimes, when he got tired, he would lie down under the big beech-trees in the pasture and go to sleep,' said Philip, looking slyly toward his mother, who asked, 'What was the black pony's name?' 'His name was—' and then Philip shut his brown eyes for a second. Then he said, 'Why, his name was Gipsy!'

{ And did Gipsy always live in the pasture? }

'No,' said Philip, 'for the little boy's papa bought him, and bought a little cart and a little harness, and when the little boy went away from the farm the little black pony went, too.'

'Well,' said mamma, laughingly, 'that is a very good story, Philip.'

'Why, I don't know as it is a story, mamma,' said Philip. 'That's about the black Gipsy we know, and the little boy is I.'

'Why, of course!' said mamma. 'And I heard father say it was all coming true.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Fun or Not Fun.

'How hot it is!' said Vera. 'I really cannot run about any more. I am going to sleep on the grass.'

'Do not lie with your head in the sun,' said Mother. 'Here is my umbrella: we will open it, and then you will have shade for your head. Come, Edgar, we will go down to the shore, and leave Vera to sleep in peace.'

But Edgar was a boy who loved teasing, and whilst Mother was looking for sea-weeds on the shore, Edgar slipped back to where little

Vera was sleeping so cosily on the grass.

'Lazy thing!' said Edgar. 'I will wake her up a bit.'

So he took a long blade of grass, and, kneeling a little behind Vera, softly tickled her cheek.

Vera did not wake, but in her sleep she brushed her hand across her face, as if to drive away a fly.

Once again naughty Edgar raised his hand, and this time the blade of grass tickled Vera's eyelid and fairly woke her up.

'Oh! oh!' she said, sitting up and looking rather frightened. 'Something bit my eye: I know it did—I felt it!'

'Ha! ha!' laughed Edgar. 'That serves you right for sleeping on the grass!'

'No, no, Edgar!' said his Mother, who had seen his foolish trick. 'You should not be so fond of teasing. It is not kind. Vera was doing no harm, and it was a pity to wake her.'

Edgar looked rather sulky, for he did not like to be blamed; but Vera, who was a kind-hearted little girl, said at once:

'Oh, Mother, Edgar only did it for fun; he did not mean to vex me.' And so peace was restored.

But Mother was right. Fun that means teasing other people is not the best sort of fun.

—'Leading Strings,' Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

The Little Children in Japan.

The little children in Japan

Are fearfully polite;

They always thank their bread and milk

Before they take a bite,

And say: 'You make us most content,

Oh, honorable nourishment!'

The little children in Japan

Don't think of being rude;

'Oh, noble, dear mamma,' they say,

'We trust we don't intrude;

Instead of rushing into where

All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan

With toys of paper play,

And carry paper parasols

To keep the rain away;

And when you go to see, you'll find

It's paper walls they live behind.

—Selected.

Correspondence

F., Sask.

Dear Editor.—I used to go to school, and was in the Third Reader, but I don't go to school now. I am nine years old, and will be ten in May. I lived in P. E. I. and was in the Second Reader, when I left. My father had the asthma, and he came out here for two or three months. He got better, so he came home for us and brought us out here.

I and my older sister walk to school in the summer time, three miles nearly every day.

MILDRED R. COLES.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Mildred.—Ed.]

N., Ont.

Dear Editor.—I am a boy eleven years old, and thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' We live on a farm, and our post-office is N. We have cattle, sheep, and eight horses. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Book. A new brick school was built, with a basement for a furnace, last summer. There

our Sunday School excursion at Morton's Park on July 16. We have some chickens, some black Orpingtons, and some white Wyandottes.

WINNIE REYNOLDS.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor.—I am a little girl nine years of age. I live on a farm near the Rideau Lake, which is noted for its beautiful scenery. Many people camp along its shores, and on its islands. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. Why is a gunsmith's shop like a chicken pie?

E. G. LEGGETT.

G. S., Que.

Dear Editor.—As I have never seen any letters from the children of G. S., I thought I would write one. Our Glen is in a valley between an extension of the Green Mountains on the south, and Sutton Mountains on the north. The Missisquoi River runs through the Glen. There are numerous brooks, where we go fishing for trout. My papa lives on a small farm, about two miles and a half from the Glen. We call it the Maple Grove Farm,

walk at all. I have a dog I call Terry, and he will draw me all over. In the winter time I have a sleigh, and in the summer time a cart. My cousin has a dog, too, that will draw him. I went nine miles with my dog in one day, and my cousin has gone fifteen. I have Terry clipped all over, and my cousin has his dog like a lion. We have 10 little goslings; one of them has red eyes. What place did the cock crow when all the world heard him?

ELSIE E. TAYLOR.

H., Man.

Dear Editor.—We are twin brothers, not yet five years old. We have not been sent to school yet, so we cannot write, but are getting our mamma to write this for us. We go to Sunday School in the Methodist Church here. There are a great number of little boys and girls in our class. We have a snow-white kitty, with which we have lots of fun. We have lots of little cousins in Ontario, but none out here. We have no other brothers or sisters.

ELSIE AND ERIC BROWN.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor.—I thought I would write a letter for the 'Messenger.' I like it very much, and think I could not do without it. I have a camera, and take pictures, but have none finished, because I have just learned how to use it. The scene on the river at the back of our place is very nice. There are several schooners in now, getting loaded. I also thank you for my fountain pen. I am in grade four at school. I suppose other writers will be glad the holidays are near.

J. GILFORD BRUCE.

[Your riddle was asked before, Gifford.—Ed.]

B., N.S.

Dear Editor.—I live on the North Mountain, about three miles from the beautiful Annapolis Valley, and two and a half miles from the Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises and falls about sixty feet. My papa says that the 'Northern Messenger' has been in his family for over forty years; then it was called the 'Canadian Messenger.' I am very much interested in the riddles, and I will send some that I do not remember seeing in print:—

Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go.
And many nails thereon, but not one toe.
What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?

How can you arrange the nine digit figures so as to count fifteen each way?

G. M. H.

M., Man.

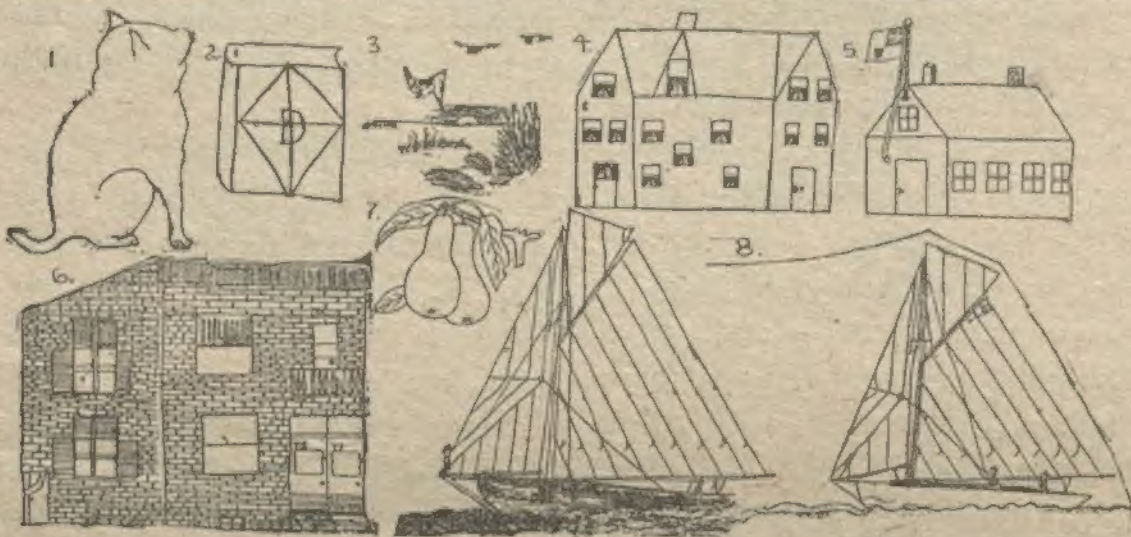
Dear Editor.—I live close to the Pembina river. We have three-quarter sections of land. The name of our farm is Riverside. We drive to school. Our pony's name is Daisy. One morning there was a big drift in front of my uncle's gate; Daisy gave a jump and broke her tug and bells. My uncle tied it up, and when we got home my father mended it. There are eight in our family three boys and five girls.

ALMA WILSON.

T. S., N.B.

Dear Editor.—We have fine fun coasting in winter. We live near a small river, and in summer we fish and bathe. I have a dog named Trix; he had a sad accident happen him some time ago. He had his leg broken, but it is getting somewhat better now. I think I will close with a riddle: What word is it that the first two letters stand for a man, the first three for a woman, the first four for a great man, and the whole word for a great woman.

GORDON TOMLINSON.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Waiting for its Mistress.' Hilda Isabel Field (aged 10), M., P. Que.

2. 'A Book.' Sadie E. Newell, E. P., N.S.

3. 'Scene.' Wilbert Nuttycombe (aged 13), L. J., Ont.

4. 'A House.' N. H. aged 13), P., N.B.

5. 'Schoolhouse.' Wilfred Brooks (aged 9), M. B., N.S.

6. 'Our House.' R. F. Coles (aged 11),

7. 'Pears.' J. Brooks (aged 10), B.C., Ont.

8. 'A Race.' R. A. Taylor (aged 9), P. B., N.S.

is no sleighing at present, but lots of skating. I have a pair of hockey skates, also a pair of spring ones. There are a number of ponds in the fields around here. I will close with some riddles:—

1. What is stronger than a lion, yet sweeter than honey?

2. I often murmur, but never weep; always lie in bed, but never sleep; my head is smaller than my mouth, and yet never fed?

3. What is the difference between a woman and a soldier?

STEWART McCUTCHEON.

[Your other riddles have been given before, Stewart.—Ed.]

C. B., Ont.

Dear Editor.—I got a lot of nice things this Christmas, a doll's piano, and a pair of skates on a nice pair of skating boots, and a lot of other nice things. We have had our Sunday school concert, and it was very nice. I was in two songs, and I recited 'Baking Day,' out of the 'Messenger.' I have two frisky cats, who roll up and down stairs, and all over the house, and come and pull at our dresses, and I have great fun with them. I go to school, and am in the Second Book. Although I am nine, I have not been to school a great deal, just a little over two years. Two years ago I had to stay at home a while with my eyes, which bother me sometimes, and then next year I had to stay at home with the whooping cough, and ever since that I have gone to school most of the time.

HILDA McKNIGHT.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor.—I am a little girl ten years old, and my father is an accountant. We had

because we make so much maple sugar. We made about a ton and a half last spring. We have 1,050 tin buckets with covers. My mamma used to be a school teacher, and I intend to be one, too.

EDITH A. Aiken.

E., B.C.

Dear Editor.—I live on a farm which is very pretty in summer. We have about seventy-five head of cattle. I like milking and riding horseback. I have four sisters and three brothers. I like school very much. Two of my sisters and I stay in a little house in a town named Salmon, which is seven miles from home. We go to school there, and come home Friday evenings, and go back Monday mornings.

MARY BARKLEY.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor.—I am seven years old, and am in the first book. I live with my grandma, and go to school, and like my teacher very much. I have one sister named Keva. I am going home on the farm with my papa and mamma and Keva, for my holidays. I have a pet dog down there, called Jack. This is the first time I have written to you.

ROY MCGILL.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor.—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I wrote a story about a year ago, which was published on the Correspondence Page, the name of it was, 'A Romance of Life in the North-West.' I am twelve years old, and just went to school for five days after midsummer holidays, as I have had nervous prostration, and have not been able to go to school since. For about a week I could not

Sample Copies.

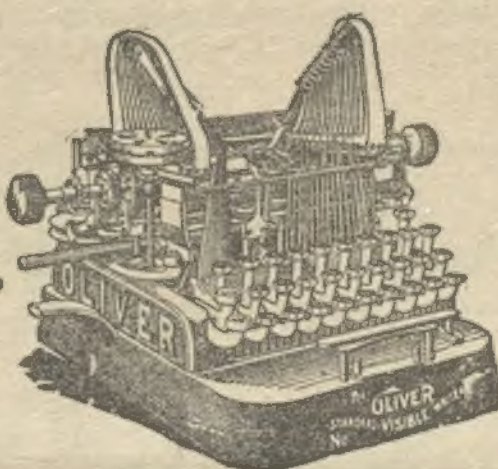
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HOUSEHOLD.

How Can Children be Interested and Amused on Sunday

Practical Views of a Distinguished Woman.

'How can parents interest and amuse their children on the Day of Rest?' That is a question which seems to cause a great number of religious parents trouble and anxiety at the present day, when Sunday amusements and Sunday games are becoming so popular, and the day is losing much of its old religious character.

Mrs. Pearsall Smith, whose name is associated with the British Women's Temperance Association as one of its leading officials, writes with reference to this subject as follows:

'In my opinion,' she begins, 'the only certain means of making Sunday happy for children are a sympathetic mother and father, who know how to enter into the feelings of their children, and who will give up their whole time and thought to them for that day. They must not go by rules, but must try to get into the shoes of each child, and to look at things from the child's standpoint, and not from their own.'

'We sometimes forget that children are human beings, not merely creatures who may sometime become such, but that they are already human beings, with the same impulses and the same needs as ourselves, and that the treatment which makes us happy or miserable will have very much the same effect on them.'

'I say the treatment emphatically, for I do not mean the things. The things that interest a child will, of course, be very different from those which interest an adult, but it is never the things that make either child or adult happy, but only the treatment that accompanies the things.'

'A gift given or an amusement suggested in a cold, unsympathetic spirit will give but little joy to an adult, and still less to children.'

'Children are peculiarly sensitive, although they do not know how to express clearly the lack of sympathy and comprehension, or its presence, and will be happy in the dulllest places or with the simplest occupations if only they are accompanied with the loving sympathy and comprehensions of their caretakers. You can make a child happy with a piece of string or a few buttons, if you put your whole heart into it, with a sympathetic understanding of the child's point of view.'

'My one recipe, therefore, for happy Sundays would be the self-forgetful devotion of the time, and the inventive faculties of a loving and sympathetic mother or father.'

—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

QUEEN'S PUDDING IS MADE THUS:— Slightly heat a full half-pint of milk; dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a gill of water; and when dissolved strain into the milk; add a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, the yolks of four eggs, and two ounces of castor sugar; stir over the fire to cook the eggs, but do not let the mixture boil or it will curdle; let it cool, and then add half a pint of whipped cream; whisk together, and when cold pour into a china mould.

A NICE DESSERT.—Cut a pineapple into very small pieces and sprinkle with sugar. Mix half a pint of cream with a quarter of a pint of milk, strain into it a teaspoonful of the pineapple juice in which half an ounce of gelatine and two ounces of sugar have been dissolved. Lastly add the pineapple. Place the cream in a wetted border mould, and, when set, turn out and fill the centre with whipped cream. This can equally well be made with peaches or apricots, and a thick custard substituted for the cream.—New York 'Globe.'

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